

Vox Collegii



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY, ONTARIO

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Ontario Ladies' College
Whitby, Ontario

Vox Collegii

Presented by
THE YEARBOOK COMMITTEE

1958

Blue and Blue

For you, is it the blue of the ocean in contrast with the blue of the sky? Or is it, as it is for me just now, two shades of blue used for school colours?

During the first week, the new girls hear the old girls singing of those colours in the School Song. They discover that their shorts are navy blue and their tops are light blue. They see that the crest sewn on the upper left-hand pocket of their blazer is navy blue embroidered with light blue.

Sometimes I wonder if perhaps those two colours are meant to mix right in with us to a point deeper than we often realise. It seems to me that those two colours help to convey our moods. There are happy, sunny light-blue days and there are sad, melancholy dark-blue days. We shall experience them wherever we go.

It is the purpose of the Principal, I believe, to keep the girls here as happy as possible. If that is the case, and I am positive that I am right in saying that it is, I wonder if he has ever thought of a change in the colour of the blazer? Perhaps they could be light blue like those of the House Captains, with crests picked out in navy blue?

I make the suggestion not because I expect to get even to first base with it, but simply because a light colour seems to make you feel light and gay, just as a spring coat makes you feel light and gay after months of those heavy winter coats. Of course, this does not mean that everything that is dark blue should be changed to light blue in order to cheer us.

I think that the first thing which people see in us as a group when we are wearing our "blue and blue" is that we are representing a wonderful place. Not only our name, but our colours also have given us a high standard to live up to and in view of what I feel about the "blue and blue", I know that, even in the midst of trouble, I shall remember the light blue blazers of which I have dreamt since I first saw them, lying on the beds of House Captains at this time three years ago. They will remind me that though she may not always realise it . . .



... everyone here loves this place.
A. Mazzoleni

Innovators



If we were to form our judgment on the basis of history only, we could not be chided for concluding that the lot of the innovator has not been an easy one. Galileo discovered that the path of a projectile was a parabola and then found he had to resign his professorship in the face of remonstrance by those who held other views. Instead of widespread support, Shaftesbury at first found scorn heaped upon his advocacy of the ragged schools. Night after night Wilberforce returned home from the House of Commons in despair at the rough passage of his Bill to emancipate the slaves. The scientist who at the opening of this century predicted that men would fly through the air was cast off as an impractical visionary.

It was ever thus. They who have left the world richer by their labour and their thought have invariably laid hold upon a holy dream, followed it with the passion of a Sir Galahad, and have bequeathed to posterity that which "neither moth nor rust can corrupt".

Young people will continue to dream dreams: it is their being and their glory. Indeed to be alive is to dream, and thereon rides the chariot of achievement.

So, to all of you at Ontario Ladies' College this year, and not least to those of you who leave our halls to follow the call to higher endeavour, I say, "Close not the door upon the 'vision glorious': it holds a key for him of fearless courage".

S. L. Osborne,
Principal.



Anticipation

Anticipation is one of man's greatest joys. Life would be dull indeed if we could not look forward to the fulfillment of our dreams. The important thing is to expect great and wonderful experiences, then to work enthusiastically to achieve them. "Hitch your wagon to a star" is good philosophy, but it is a wagon and not a jet 'plane. It needs your energy to propel it.

Sometimes dreams come true in an unusual way. One of mine did when I had a chance to attend an International Conference in Ceylon last summer. The trip around the world provided many new experiences. We lost a day in crossing the Date Line; we went from summer in Vancouver to winter in Sydney, and back to tropical heat in Singapore. We were entertained in luxurious eastern homes by gracious hostesses in colourful saris, and served by bare-foot, skirted men servants. We saw fabulous collections of jewels, strange architecture, ancient ruins and primitive agriculture. In Europe we felt the force of centuries of tradition and enjoyed seeing some of the world's finest art, as well as beautiful scenery.

Then came my introduction to Ontario Ladies' College — this lovely old building, all the new faces and all the rules. It has been a tremendous challenge. One could not wish for lovelier surroundings or nicer people to work with. Ann Wellington has been a very fine Head Girl and the other Prefects have been a great help. Thank you one and all for your co-operation.

Susan Clark,
Dean.



At the Editor's Desk

The spirit of O.L.C. is very difficult to define but nevertheless it is easily felt. One can capture this elusive quality at May Day, when we gather to honour the student representing our highest ideal of womanhood, or on Commencement Day, when another group of graduates bravely prepare to take their places in the adult world. It is felt in the morning chapel service when all heads are bowed and all hearts united in prayer, in that breathless moment in the basketball game when the score is tied with one minute left to play, and in the friendliness and ease of greetings as you make your way through the crowded halls.

O.L.C. was founded on a dream — a dream that within its halls, a centre of learning might grow in which girls might learn to know and love truth, and practise living together in peace and harmony. This dream is still being fulfilled year after year as new groups of girls come to O.L.C. Many dreams of the founders have been fulfilled. We have a beautiful chapel dedicated solely to the worship of God. The semester system, although at first regarded by some as a risky venture, has proved a success and a system of real value. Within the halls of Trafalgar, "Truth, virtue and loveliness" are to be found.

As this school year draws to a close, in spite of impending examinations and the whirl of final activity, the spirit of O.L.C. makes itself felt increasingly as each girl thinks of her future and the world outside Trafalgar's gates. May we endeavour to keep alive this spirit of honesty, tolerance and loveliness in our own lives so that O.L.C. will never need to be ashamed of us.

Patricia Earle

The Editorial Committee, 1958

Dr. S. L. Osborne
Mrs. Linden Clark

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In Appreciation

I always thought, in connection with "Hamlet" that "Y.B." meant "To be or not to be: that is the question" — so "Y.B.?" However, we all know what Y.B. stands for at O.L.C.? . . . You bet!

Seriously though, the Yearbook Committee seems to work incognito and meets in the wee small hours of the night and even on holidays. Reporters ask for items of news. We never know whether our all-night parties will appear in the book, but in the end the finished product is worth all the thought and effort that has been put into it and it is enjoyed by all. The Editor, its Advisor and staff are doing a very good job.

Elizabeth Anvik,
Grade XIII

MAY



DAY



19



57

The Student Council



This is an organisation made up of a group of privileged girls. Meetings are held in the Principal's old, barren office and the heavy doors are shut on all conspirators. Whispers pass among the girls and secret plans are made. Uselessly, at the once-sacred table of Dr. Osborne, Ann is pounding for silence. Finally, the girls realise their defeat and resolve to listen . . .

The bell stops any other person from voicing her opinions. All present are sworn to secrecy, not to reveal anything which has taken place.

Yet when Ann makes her announcement at lunch the following day, does she see surprised looks on the faces of the students? Rather she hears whispers which pass from table to table: "Oh heck, I knew that days ago."

Seriously though, the S.C. is a vital organisation in any school. We like the valuable work which is being done. Although at times it does not seem to be appreciated, in the end, wonderful results are brought about by the Student Council and this year it has accomplished many things.

Elizabeth Anvik,
Grade XIII

The Graduating Class

RENATA PENNACCHIOTTI
Caracas, Venezuela

Senior Matriculation
Farewell House



Renie, Class President, also May Queen,
Makes all sorts of speeches as we have now seen.
Each meal-time she plays us a tune on the gong
And warns us at meetings to do nothing wrong.
Her eyes twinkle brightly when of mischief she dreams
It's sure, of this crop, she is one of the creams.



ELIZABETH ANVIK
Temiskaming, Quebec

Senior Matriculation
Hare House

Each morning early, Liz does rise
And fights to keep sleep from her eyes.
She loathes blue socks, and all those books
Which prick her conscience, spoil her looks.
She thinks - but then a smile appears,
And far away fly troubles, fears.

JANE BASTEDO
Marathon, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Farewell House

At seven o'clock when the bell doth ring
Jane turns over for another fling.
She means to forget that French and Caesar
And all the "evil" deeds that please her.
Her company has been much pleasure
And we wish her success in every measure.



MARGARET BIRD
Toronto, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Farewell House

Marg's actress, philosopher, handy-man too,
Tries always to cheer when anyone's blue.
Marg hails from Toronto, the place of renown,
She claims it's a wonder compared to a town.
Marg's animal noises belong in the zoo,
Her poor room-mate now is a sick penguin too.



PATRICIA EARLE
Whitby, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Maxwell House

For nine years Patsy's topped the class,
There has never been a brighter lass.
Always gay and full of fun,
Ready to help if there's work to be done.
She sings in the choir, is a Prefect too,
And edits the Yearbook that comes to you.



MARY FARR
Orillia, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Farewell House

Mary is famous at O.L.C.
For marks 'neath her eyes which reach down to her
knee,
This girl takes her work so seriously:
She studies at all hours just furiously.
But after it's over, from the hard shell she wiggles
And we hear once again those musical giggles.





DIANE GOODMAN
Whitby, Ontario

Music Major
Hare House

Her fingers fly across the keys,
She plays the sweetest melodies.
Our blonde-haired day-girl hates to hurry
We never see **her** in a flurry!
Our authority on movies, she's an actress too.
Diane, we wish the best to you.



MARGARET GREAVES
Lindsay, Ontario

Music Major
Carter House

Down the halls of O.L.C.,
Comes Margie, gay and full of glee.
"Hey Birny!", "Hi, doll!", "I'm sick" or "Hi Ho"
"I just don't seem to dig this Zo!"
Helpful and kind is this little gal,
To every girl here, a wonderful pal.



CAROL HANSON
Waterloo, Quebec

Senior Matriculation
Hare House

The kid they call Carol is one girl, I know,
Whom we shall remember wherever we go.
She's ready and willing to help anyone
With work or with problems or just having fun.
We wish her the best when she comes back next year
And if we're around, we'll stop in to see her.



JOYCE JEFFERIES
Peterborough, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Farewell Mouse

Joycie's the girl who likes to sleep.
All day long she's in slumber deep,
Except, of course, if there's food around,
Or if it's her turn to go downtown.
But still, she'll manage through thin and thick,
And next year, you'll see her tackle old "Vic".

ELIZABETH JOHNSTON
Madoc, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Farewell House

Hailing from Madoc to dear O.L.C.
Where honoured as Counsellor for May Day just past,
Now on to nursing at old U of T
We wish you luck, Liz, exams all first classed.
Piano lessons gone, no dictations in "Zo"
No French verbs to learn, no letters to beaux!



LOIS LINSTEAD
Niagara Falls

Senior Matriculation
Hare House

Her smile and sparkle bring us cheer
Even when exams draw near.
Her duties range from waking Lower Main
To gaining marks to bring her fame.
When in distress one hears "Oh crumb"
But all the time she is lots of fun.



SUSAN McKAY
Oshawa, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Maxwell House

"Single file, girls," shouts Sue down the hall,
"Keep in line": this her daily call.
Her name's a good one, Scottish 'n all,
And rhymes with a wee Scottish "Aye".
Mis-use that name and you may die
Next year under care of Nurse McKay.



SUSAN MILLARD
Perth, Ontario

Music Major
Hare House

'Tis funny, when the mail man comes.
Down the hall comes Sue on the run.
If "that" letter doesn't come
The day drags on, without the sun.
In our dreams, we hear her bark
"Quit your talking, by the left, 'Quick March'."





JANE SAUNDERS
Caledonia, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Maxwell House

Jane comes from the best place, she claims:
a small town.
And most of the time she's a regular clown.
She's penguin and chicken and everything silly
And then when she smiles she dispels all that's chilly.
Each morning she wakes her poor neighbours from
slumber
Yes, we all like Jane—she's quite a number.



BONNIE TAYLOR
Swastika, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Maxwell House

"Let's sleep in," says our blonde-haired Bon.
"I do believe that the breakfast bell's gone.
Is his name Omar, or Gary or Shawn?
Who's is that ring, Bobbie's or John's?
I must be slim or I can't go at all
'Cos Frankie's inviting me to the Spring Ball".



ELAINE WESTHEUSER
Gore's Landing, Ontario

Senior Matriculation
Maxwell House

House Captain of Maxwell, we hear Elaine yell,
"No talking now, kids, after the bell!"
At exam time, black coffee she drinks by the cup
But after they're over, she really makes up!
Our counsellor for May Day, next year will go
To Victoria College in good old T.O.



SARA WILLIS
Montreal, Quebec

Senior Matriculation
Hare House

"I'm sick," cries Sara down the hall,
"I'm telling you kids, I could just about bawl.
I don't know my Latin and History is worse,
And as for that English, I can't learn the verse.
Oh what shall I do to get out of this jam?
I'm sick! Just sick! What a confused one I am."

Fall



Initiation

The year began, according to tradition,
With registration, and in addition
A get-acquainted night for all
To make us smile at one another in the hall.

Classmates and the Friday Osborne Show
(Revealing this year's Editor nine years ago)
Contributed, with hot-dog picnic,
Which by the lake we spent,
To make us with Week One content.

Next week the Old Girls' Stunt was most successful,
Sue and the Dr. danced — 'twas most unusual!
New girls we allowed no words to say
Just how much they enjoyed Initiation Day.

Soon, around came Hallowe'en
When ghosts and witches were surely seen.
We looked forward to the visit of the famous Irish poet
But it really was quite different from the way
We all know it!

Betty White,
Grade XI.

Shopping Days

It is a bargain day in the shopping centre. It is a murderous day for the husband, who fidgets in the car, and the tiny children who are dragged, trampled and squashed by inconsiderate grown-ups. It is a day of rush, confusion, screaming, pulling and scrambling.

In the midst of this I stand, one among millions, a fool among fools: a bargain-hunter. Yet I am different from most bargain-hunters. I know what I want: a simple flashlight, of any type, but very cheap.

I approach a counter which does not seem too crowded and start the process of reaching a clerk. Pushing forward, the nucleus of an organism of faces, I am jolted by a scream. I look around only to find two women tugging at the same haggard piece of stretched curtain. I realise that I shall not find flashlights here, and once more I fight for air.

Emerging from the crowd, I am confronted by an elevator and thinking this a long-needed relief, I rush towards it. Once in the sweltering trap, I know that death on "terra firma" is better than death in the elevator. My morale is low, but I hold my chin up, and also my feet, and shove towards the operator. When I feel that I am within shouting distance, I ask her where the flashlights are sold.

"On the basement floor," a harassed voice replies before hurrying on to shout: "Anyone off at the ninth floor?"

I groan and become resigned to waiting. At last, five floors late, I emerge, a little bruised but happy, and crawl to the stairs. I cannot stand another moment in the elevator and heroically I descend on foot.

Much later, I see myself haggling with a clerk concerning some flashlights which he declares are his cheapest. A very tired girl finally hands over the outrageous price of five dollars and ninety-eight cents and rushes for the 'bus.

Back at the College, we see her tuck the hard-earned flashlight under her pillow and hear her murmur drowsily: "Now, think of all the letters I can write after lights-out."

Anne Leavens,
Grade XI.

What Bore Me in My Acquaintances

. . . I overheard someone on the telephone the other day:

"Hello, Grace? Is that a fact? I never thought. What? Crazy! I'll get Dad's car. What is that? Jim has — is that a fact? Crazy. You have to go and do what . . . is that a fact? You're kidding. No? Crazy. Then see you later . . ."

Nikki Patterson,
Grade XIII.

Routine

Would it not be wonderful to get up in the morning just when I felt like it? I would not stay in bed long enough to make my head ache. I would slip out just when I came to the point of realisation that I felt almost serene after my second stretch! However, would I have time for breakfast in order to be on time for work? I suppose my boss would never be lenient about that eight-thirty buzzer. His argument would be that there would be no sense in paying for work I had not had time to do. Maybe he would let me make up the time after four-thirty . . . oh well, knowing my boss, that would be unlikely too.

Now consider my day at the office. I arrive there every morning between eight-twenty and eight-thirty, according to the streetcars. The streetcars — they do not seem to have any real routine! I suppose they are ready to start out on time, but at least they stop and start at some different streets once in awhile. And they never seem to arrive anywhere at exactly the same time each day. There is a little variation even if they do travel the same streets and come within ten minutes of being exactly on time. Oh yes, and about my day at the office. Every morning when I go in the door, I see the same bleached-blonde in the same swivel-chair in front of the same straight rows of black telephones on her desk. You know, it really would not be quite so bad if perhaps she could have a different coloured cushion every other day. Then perhaps she could paint the end of those awful buttons any other colour but black and install one white telephone. Perhaps she could keep buttons to match her cushions. That would surely be an improvement and maybe even interesting to look for on entering.

I go to my desk on the second floor in the south-east corner of the room and pass the same faces, places and typewriters. If one could come to work when one wanted to . . . there might be a few empty desks once in a while . . . oh well, I have been through that before.

At four-thirty, life begins to look good to me. The buzzer goes and in a few minutes as possible I am in the street below. I see new faces, different cars and shop windows. I can hurry home to dress for a date or I can linger over new displays. How grand! I can go home and cook my dinner or eat it in some pleasant restaurant I encounter en route. Afterwards I can go to a movie, stroll again, or return to my apartment and the novel I am reading. After work is certainly the time I like best.

Unfortunately, in this leisure time I find my feet suffer. If only all my shoes were not so completely uncomfortable by three o'clock! Then too, my stomach often tells me that it is not being properly cared for. It seems that unless I have my dinner between six and seven and do not eat two servings of chocolate ice-cream for dessert, I must suffer. Of course, there is my ironing that piles up, and the way my kitchen needs cleaning, the milk that goes sour, and the friends I have neglected to entertain. Oh, honestly, I must reform and learn to appreciate my alarm clock and my conscience!

Georgina White,
Grade XII.

Mr.

Donald

Davis



"On the last Sunday of September we had the privilege of welcoming Mr. Donald Davis to our Sunday Evening Hour . . .

Mr. Davis spoke to us about the actor's problem as he steps on to the stage — the problem of communicating ideas: first, the ideas of the playwright and secondly, of course, the emotions felt by the actor as he interprets those lines. The students listened with rapt attention while he read passages from various plays and poems. But the excitement of the evening reached its peak when Mr. Davis responded to the request to read Mark Anthony's speech from 'Julius Caesar', 'Friends, Romans, countrymen.' I have never heard such applause as followed this moving portrayal of Caesar's friend. For some of us who had seen Mr. Davis in this very part at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival a couple of years ago, it was like being at Stratford once more; for those who had not been there, it was a vision of what a professional actor could do. In the round table discussion that followed, the girls were loath to bid adieu."

Trafalgar Castle News

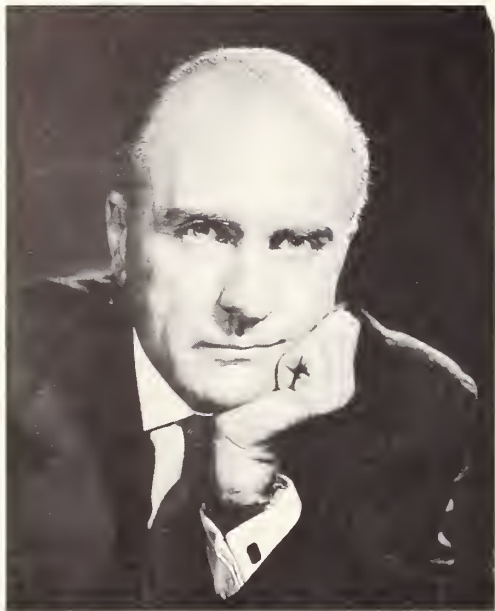
And so to Thanksgiving . . .

The film "Martin Luther" on October 5 gave much food for thought. After the showing, the Seniors were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Osborne at the Cottage. A most interesting discussion developed and six persistent students so far outstayed their leave that they had almost to be chased out of the house.

The Pickering College Dance, scheduled for later in the month, was cancelled. 'Flu was our rival in Newmarket!



OCTOBER WAS A BUSY MONTH



Dr. Boyd Neel

Mrs. D. Holliday, president of the Whitby Concert Association, very charmingly welcomed the members of the Association to their first concert of the season.

The thirteen members of this exceptionally fine group, the Hart House Orchestra, took their places on the platform and were shortly followed by their able director, Dr. Boyd Neel, Dean of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto. Dr. Neel immediately set up an informal atmosphere by commenting on the coziness of the room and its appropriateness for a concert of chamber music.

The concert commenced with a short symphony of three movements, a delightful allegro, andante and presto by the 18th century composer, Carl Frederick Abel. Particularly worthy of note was the brilliant execution of the intricate ornamentation of all three movements.

This symphony was followed by Edward Elgar's "Serenade for Strings" in E Minor, Opus 20. The true meaning of the serenade (evening music) is perfectly conveyed in this beautiful little work of three parts. The first movement, the allegro piacevole, opens with a solo part that sets the mood. This is followed by the larghetto and allegretto movements. The whole was artistically phrased and full of tender feeling. The difference in sound between this and the preceding work was easily understood when one realised that this was a contemporary piece of art, and the latter can best be described simply as 'modern'.

Next came the "Overture and Ballet Suite" from Handel's "Alcina," This was in four parts and particularly effective were the abrupt changes in mood. This selection was followed by Arensky's "Variations on a theme by Tchaikovsky". The contrast between the pizzicato passage and smooth lines of the violins was almost humorous.

After intermission the orchestra returned to play two "Chorale Preludes" and the "Giant Fugue" by J. S. Bach. The preludes had been beautifully adapted to stringed instruments and the fugue was brilliantly performed. The theme in the latter, in a customary fugal manner, was bandied about from one set of instruments to another with amazing agility.

The concluding number on the programme was a "Serenade" of four movements by Wolf-Ferrari. This hardly belongs to any period or style but can best be described as music in the 18th century idiom with a contemporary outlook. The neat little allegro is followed by the andante with its surprising tempo changes, and the scherzo-presto with its charming syncopations and strong rhythms. The final section was a very energetic finale-presto.

The orchestra was given several curtain calls and played one encore. The encore was a tune by Dr. Arne (18th century) in a very majestic style. At the conclusion of the concert, the artists were not only surrounded by lovely maple leaves and berry branches that enhanced the stage, but by autograph seekers and I think that is indicative of the appreciation of the audience.

The concert was a tremendous success.

Department of Music

Hi-Fi Hop

O.L.C.'s highly successful "Hi-Fi Hop" was held on Saturday, October 26th.

As early as eight, guests began arriving and kept the reception line busy until almost 9:00. After introducing themselves, the couples proceeded into the recreation room where the dance was held. The room was beautifully decorated with numerous stars and streamers which were highlighted by soft-coloured globes which created a romantic atmosphere: in keeping with the mood.

After an hour of fine music (appropriately supplied by the A.A.'s hi-fi), a light lunch, arranged by Mrs. Osborne and her helpers, was served. This seemed to inspire the dancers to renewed vigour and kept the dance lively.

The highlight of the evening took place when the "King and Queen" were chosen: Terry Russell and Irene Pennacchiotti. They made a striking picture as they sat on the silver-bedecked thrones, and after the Queen was duly crowned, the young couple began the concluding part of the dance.

Promptly at midnight the dance ended and farewells were said, with everyone's agreeing that it had been a most successful evening.

I should like to take this opportunity, on behalf of the student body, to thank the girls who supplied the decorations and music, the Faculty, staff and helpers for their assistance in making the evening a success.

Elaine Lowery,
Grade XI.

Earle Grey Players

The Festival Company's programme on October 30th at the Whitby High School Auditorium was attended by a party from O.L.C. We enjoyed excerpts from "Henry IV" Pt. I, "Julius Caesar" and "As You Like It" and thus in one short mid-week performance saw in costume many Shakespearean characters with whom reading had made us familiar.

We also met Mrs. McIntyre, so familiar to many of us in the Home Economics Department at O.L.C. and now a member of the Faculty of the High School. Good luck, Mrs. Mac!

November Mists

I have heard people talk of the romance and beauty of the mist gliding in over a calm sea and of the rays of moonlight shining through it: of how a soft breeze stirs the leaves, taking away the heat of the day and in its place leaving the sweet smell of the tropical flowers.

This is all very well but I am under the impression that our writers have great imaginations. Just listen to my side of the story.

You are out on a date, dressed in your favourite dress and wearing the latest hair-style. You have your newest dream-boat whom you are trying to impress. He has his father's convertible, is wearing his best suit (his only one), and is trying just as hard to impress you.

You are down by the sea but are there twinkling stars and a full moon? Certainly there are not. A thick fog rushes in, followed by dark, black clouds and a strong wind which cools the heat of the day so much that you wonder why you did not bring your father's racoon coat. Suddenly the sky opens and you immediately decide that a bathing suit would have been more practical than the coat. The car now has a strong resemblance to your rich friend's swimming pool. Something trickles down your face and if a mirror were handy, a glance would tell you that it was your carefully-put-on mascara. The latest hair-style is best left to the imagination.

This ends your romantic date and begins your career in the adjective business.

Margaret Allen,
Grade XII.

First Anniversary

One's stay at the College is all too short but one's copy of "Vox Collegii" remains, a souvenir of the special events which took place during one's time there. Students of '58 will remember with pride the fact that they were here when Grace Chapel celebrated her first birthday, on November 3rd.

The anniversary was marked by a service at which we enjoyed not only a sermon from Rev. W. J. Johnston, D.D., a member of our Board, but also the part played by our School Choir. On the Monday evening following, the opening recital on the new Casavant organ was given by Mr. David Ouchterlony.



The Choir

Opening Organ Recital

On Monday evening, November 4th, we had the pleasure of hearing the well-known organist, David Ouchterlony, give a recital on the recently installed Casavant organ in Grace Chapel. On the same programme, we thrilled to the voices of our friends in the Chapel Choir under the direction of Dr. Stanley Osborne. Along with compositions by Willan, Vaughan Williams and Davies, the choir sang Dr. Osborne's own composition, "Eternal God."

Among the compositions that we heard from Mr. Ouchterlony were a chorale prelude on "Walden" by Dr. Osborne and his own "Trumpet Tune". Mr. Ouchterlony's true artistry was keenly felt by each member of the audience but his genius revealed itself at the conclusion of the evening.

At the end of the programme sheet, as though it had been put there as an unimportant after-thought, the words "Improvisation on selected themes" were printed. It became an appropriate climax to the recital.

Dr. Osborne presented our guest with a sealed envelope, seen previously only by himself, containing two original themes. Mr. Ouchterlony returned to the organ without a moment's hesitation and gave his listeners a taste of humour, delicacy, pensiveness, majesty, vitality, tender feeling, and, in summation, infinite musical beauty.

The programme was tremendously well received and we all agreed that the Chapel Choir was a worthy complement to this rare musician.

Department of Music

Distinctively Canadian

What is a Canadian? What qualities does he possess which set him apart from a Scot or a Pole or a Spaniard? My quest to determine the answer led me back two and one-half centuries in time.

I stood unseen on the shore of the mighty St. Lawrence as Champlain claimed our land for France, and watched as, despite trials, failures and discouragements, the little French settlements continued to cling stubbornly to the rocky shore and grow like a lichen as it spreads over giant boulders. Surely here was something admirable. This tenacity of purpose and dogged courage — surely this was Canadian, for no other nation has had to contend with such extremes of climate; bitterly cold winters, smothering the land in a blanket of snow, and summers when the sun blazes down, robbing the land of its vitality. No other land began in a tiny clearing on the edge of so many miles and miles of standing timber. No other people had to fight rapids and prairies and mountains. Here, in New France, I had found a clue to the Canadian character and so, my purpose here fulfilled, I moved on.

I was in Ontario when the Loyalists came; those hundreds arriving on our shores, homeless, destitute, forlorn. Although friendless and poverty-stricken, they bore proudly that characteristic from whence their name was derived; loyalty. Their loyalty endured torture and imprisonment rather than deny their allegiance to the British throne. Yes, this was certainly a Canadian trait. Had Canadians not always refused to unite with the wealthy American nation, preferring to keep their freedom under a democratic monarchy?

I heard gun shots on the warm night air in 1862 and saw a black man scrambling over rocks, to fall exhausted on the little beach that marked the beginning of Canada and freedom. I saw his pursuers, helpless, deprived of their captive, forced to return to the south empty-handed, seething with rage. But look! From behind bushes and trees, see how Canadians race to carry the fugitive to shelter without a thought that this man is of a different race. Why should one colour of skin be better than another? Such a thing is not important to the friendly, freedom-loving Canucks. Nothing could be more typical of them than their lack of prejudice.

And so I moved on a few years further to 1867: Confederation. I watched the parade of the passing years unfold as province after province joined Confederation, until Canada stretched "from sea to sea". This nation, a perfect blending of French and English, Protestant and Roman Catholic, farmer and factory labourer, exemplifies the best traits of the home-loving Canadian tolerance, adaptability and sympathy for all oppressed.

Thus I had completed my journey in time and had learned what distinguished a Canadian from his fellow men: courage, determination, loyalty, love of freedom for all, lack of prejudice, congeniality. But could I find one person or group of people representative of this ideal?

This was not easy to decide as Canada is a blend of many races and cultures. But in my search I halted beside a solitary figure silhouetted against a blood-red sky: the Canadian Infantryman or soldier. Like Canada, the members of the Royal Canadian Army are of many races, creeds and backgrounds.

And white and negro, Anglican and Greek Catholic, fight side by side. Their intense loyalty and courage is shown significantly by the fact that Canada did not hesitate to enter with Britain in a war to safeguard democracy. Could we not have remained aloof and refused to aid the tiny island in her defiance of totalitarian Germany? Possibly, but it would be unlike Canadians as a people to neglect responsibility. Europe still remembers the valiant action of these soldiers. Whenever there was a dirty job to be done or an impossible victory to achieve, they sent in Canadians, knowing we would not rest until the job was finished. Is that not why so many of Canada's sons have resting-places in foreign lands? Were not Canadians loved all over Europe for their amiability and good nature?

Surely then, this common soldier is worthy to bear, as his emblem, the Canadian maple leaf. Surely he is distinctively Canadian.

Patricia Earle,
Grade XIII.

On Borrowing

The kinds of borrowers and lenders are innumerable: the sly borrowers, frank borrowers, meek borrowers and haughty borrowers are counteracted by the unsuspecting lenders, peeved lenders, condescending lenders and eager lenders. For the meeting place of all these species, the boarding school for girls is an ideal spot.

An everyday event in a certain school is to see a pert blonde girl bounce into the room of a shy brunette, famous for her collection of sweaters. They are scarcely on speaking terms and eyebrows rise when the vivacious Shirley is seen chatting with the sedate Sharon. Their conversation can easily be imagined.

"Hi! My, what a darling room! Where did you get all those pennants?"

"Hi, Shirley! Gee, thanks — my Dad brought them."

"How would you like to go downtown with the gang to-day? We should just love to have you."

"Could I really? I'd love to come!"

"By the way, while I think of it, I need a beige turtleneck sweater for to-night! You wouldn't happen to have one, would you?"

Moments later the sly Shirley emerges victorious from the room of the unsuspecting Sharon.

Mary is known for being frank and is not always liked for it. When she enters Martha's room and declares:

"I just came in to borrow your red dress for the show to-night. I knew you wouldn't mind! It is no wonder that Martha can be seen turning to her roommate afterwards and saying:

"Who does she think she is?"

Borrowing can be banned, shunned, looked down upon and shrieked about, but it will always exist as an institution until human nature stops believing that "the grass is greener on the other side of the fence".

Ann Wellington,
Grade XII.

Pedro

Twice a week the same thing happened: he would be awakened by his wife around five o'clock, he would dress, drink his coffee and set out for the "mercado libre". The fresh morning air, still scented by those tropical flowers, surrounded him and he always inhaled it with the same longing as a thief staring at a jewel. On his donkey, the heavy burden of fresh vegetables and fruits added colour to the scenery. But this morning, Pedro was in no mood for contemplation: he lacked enthusiasm and vigour.

The stalls with their faded coverings were already set up and the market was teeming with life. Vendors yelled at each other and laughed at their own jokes but Pedro was gloomy. With simple indifference, he put his fruits out on display, the good apples at the top, the rotten ones below; here the melon, there a couple of "guanabanas". The truth was that he was bored and his soul seemed lifeless. For how many years had he been doing this? Ten? Twenty? An infinity undoubtedly. The same faces looked at him twice a week, in their eyes the usual question: "Vale, can you give them for a few centavos cheaper?" They knew he could not, for after all he had to support his family but they were as obstinate as his donkey. Then the boys would sneak up from behind and steal the best oranges and he would scold them, patiently in the first few years, then later angrily in a blast of Spanish. Of course, he dealt unfairly with his customers, especially with those who hid their money under the mattresses and claimed to be poor. He gave them the dented vegetables and occasionally he kept a few centavos. They could not count anyway. If his wife had been there, she would have sent him to church to ask forgiveness. But Pedro shrugged his shoulders and pulled his sombrero down to shield his black eyes from the hot sun. He needed and earnestly wished for an event which would bring life back into his soul so that he could cry out with the usual gusto.

Had he not pulled down his hat, he would have missed her. As it was he had to look out sideways and she was approaching from the north side. She was ghastly thin, very small, extremely dirty, Pedro thought, and definitely not a customer, so why look at her? But he had to do so, for the next time he looked around, she was standing in front of him, her eyes first devouring the big melon on the floor and then being raised to his with a tender longing. Pedro was not used to being charitable because he thought that a penniless creature like himself had no money to give, and was not that the only charity? The woman's look told him he was desperately wrong and that she was terribly hungry. He felt a jab somewhere inside and it was pressing hard. His blood began to move with fresh rhythm and he smiled. Her eyes became hopeful. Pedro stretched forward, raised the melon and placed it in her hands. Then Pedro's soul was in rhythm with his blood and he yelled: "Come to Pedro. He is here and has the best!"

Renata Pennacchiotti,
Grade XIII.



S.C.M. Bazaar

All records were beaten in fun and funds this year. Takings at the sale were \$600. Expenses have to be deducted but nevertheless this represents a most tangible sign of school spirit both on the part of the students and the visitors.

The money will be used not only for donations to the many causes which S.C.M. supports but this year a pew will be given for Grace Chapel.

Benefits of Travel

What would happen if we could not travel? It would mean, for instance, that I could not go to Connecticut for Christmas.

Travel is a must. We should not be as advanced as we are to-day but for travel. If the fashion changed, how should we ever get to know about it?

I should never have been able to come to this school and Janene would never have been my room-mate, unless, of course, she swam from Columbia.

It takes less than two hours to fly from Toronto to New York; from Hamburg to Toronto takes sixteen hours. It would be possible to go to a funeral in Europe and be on time, if you live on the North American continent.

I do not think that space-ships are necessary for travel. What do we want of the moon or other planets? I think that we feel as comfortable down on earth. If I had a free ticket to the moon, I should sell it and take a trip on our world and see the beautiful sights our own planet has to offer.

PETRA VON FESTENBERG,
Grade IX.

Self-sufficient Me

I was standing there alone: always alone. Realising that I did not like anyone, I understood that it was natural that no one was extremely pleased with me. This had been the case from the very beginning but was I lonely? Of course not. I had a wonderful friend; myself.

I love myself. I am honestly and truthfully in love with myself. There is nothing I do that does not please myself. It is plain to see that I am an all-round girl: it is heart-breaking to realise what other people are missing by not accepting me. Being alone all the time, it would seem that I should have a little trouble keeping myself occupied and my spirits up. To most people this loneliness would cause extreme moodiness, but to me, certainly not. I am the happiest person you could meet. Why, I am the funniest person in the world: indeed I keep myself laughing for hours. I am extremely entertaining.

I realise that other people finding themselves in this same situation would let their morale drop in order to obtain friends. This is not the case with me — because naturally, wanting to please no one but myself, I keep my morale up: in fact my morale is so high that on certain occasions I find myself patting me on the back. This, of course, is extremely satisfying because, as everyone knows, without a little bit of praise one loses confidence in oneself.

I confide in myself. Never do I keep anything from myself. My most personal problems are shared with myself and do you think myself turns around and repeats what I have told her? Certainly not. She realises the importance of a problem's being kept secret. When I am in trouble, myself and I always figure out the solution, for as you know, two heads are better than one! Myself is very brilliant. This is extremely lucky because, not having anyone else to assist me, one of us must be smart.

Now I suppose you are wondering about the nice little things your friends do for you. Do you realise that there is not one soul who behaves better to me than myself. Why, not once have I caught myself yelling at me; not once have I caught myself talking about me behind my back. Then the most important, thoughtful thing of all is — not once has myself gone downtown and forgotten to buy me something. Yes indeed, myself is terribly understanding. Who else would cry with you when you are crying?

Truly you can see that I am certainly the most self-sufficient person you could ever meet and I shall continue to love myself until myself proves herself unworthy of my love!

GAEL FERGUSON,
Grade XII.

Cantata

Grace Chapel, approaching her second Noel, initiated thoughts of the nativity season, and made the students of '58 the first to hear a cantata sung within her walls. During the week following, there was quiet, unboasting pride whenever the choir's performance was mentioned and real appreciation for the parts played by Dr. Osborne, Miss Vance and Miss Sinclair. The student soloists, Patricia Earle, Mary Bryans and Margaret Sutherland, will not soon forget Arthur Sommervell's "Christmas".

Christmas Shopping

Almost the best part of going shopping is to see the decorations. The beautiful window displays never fail to produce awed "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the many eager admirers crowding around. The Christmas story is a favourite theme for these magnificent decorations as well as other colourful Christmas scenes. Inside the stores are beautiful arrangements of poinsettias, decorated wreaths, Christmas trees bright with coloured lights and massive fir boughs, often decorated with bells or huge bows. Of course there is the inevitable appearance of Santa and his busy elves. This is always most popular with the small fry.

The jostling crowds of people scurry along, trying to do as much as they can cram into one day. A common sight at this time is the bright-eyed, excited children. They are all aglow with the expectancy of the approaching Christmastide.

The mingled sounds of laughter, chatter, Christmas carols, crunching snow, and the occasional ring of Salvation Army bells echo and re-echo on the crisp winter air. Sometimes even a tired, whimpering youngster can be heard amidst the din of shouts, secretive whispers and the humming and whistling of the ever-popular Christmas songs.

In the stores, the salesgirls rush around trying to serve as many people as possible. Shoppers browse around looking for just the right gift for Mother, Father, sister, brother and many other important persons. All is hustle and bustle and there is hardly any time for window-gazing or any other such time-consuming luxury. But as the snow comes drifting down to coat the streets and sidewalks with a soft covering, you are suddenly filled with the spirit of if all and hurry back to decorate the Christmas tree.

SUSAN PIPER,
Grade IX.

The Christmas Festival



The day which had been awaited with anticipation and excitement finally arrived. At the appointed time, the girls, in filmy, pastel coloured gowns, stepped down the beautifully decorated main staircase and proceeded to the dining hall where Mr. Hallett, as in the past years, sat at the piano.

While the assembled students sang, the guests and Faculty came to their places. To the tune of a lovely old carol, the candle-lighters set aglow the Yuletide Candle and took the light to all the tables. Grace was recited in Latin by Dr. Osborne, after which everyone sat down to the traditional turkey dinner.

Voices rose in Christmas song, new and old, as the carol singing was begun. A number of the choir stood about the grand piano, their coloured gowns lending an air of grace and festive joy to the softly lit hall.

The tableau was enacted by members of the art class under the direction of Mr. Agg.

To the singing of "Silent Night" by the girls, the guests left the dining hall. Another Christmas Dinner had passed by.



There is no need to say that within minutes, the girls were bidding each other happy holidays as they left with their parents and relatives.

DONNA MARCHYND,
Grade XI.

"Perhaps Santa lives here?"

January Entertainment



January's prelude and postlude had their gloomy notes: the results of the "Tranquilliser Examinations", held on the last day of December; the warnings of First Semester Finals looming ahead. Yet, looking back, we find a surprising amount of entertainment in this month.

The College dramatic performances came first: two excellent short plays. The modern dress and spirit of "World Without Men" by Philip Johnson contrasted admirably with the period costume and humour of Moliere's "Affected Young Ladies" and gave us what everyone felt was a very good evening.

Next, a theatre party was arranged. Dr. Osborne happened to have had a "preview" and everyone set out in high spirits to find the answer to his question: "Who was the murderer?" The play? And the place? Agatha Christie's "Witness for the Prosecution" at the Crest Theatre, of course.

Following the exciting mid-week announcement that a group of young men were coming from Trinity College, all efforts were canalised into making the dance a success. Did anyone not enjoy this evening? Or the party to which Pickering College invited us on the following Saturday?

Strictly speaking, we exceed our assignment, but let us mention here the joyful exit for the Third General Week-end and an excellent film — Walt Disney's "So Dear to My Heart" — which dispelled homesickness upon our return.

SOCIAL EDITOR AND OTHERS

The

James Milligan

Concert



The concert was in every aspect thrilling. The quadruple encore was indication enough of the appreciativeness of the Whitby Concert Association audience but the intense pleasure which showed itself on the glowing countenances of the people was a wonderful reward to Mr. Milligan and Dr. Brough.

"The Song of Momus to Mars" by Boyce opened the concert on an exciting note. Every syllable was crystal clear. I should think that it would take a good deal of concentration for most of us to speak as perfectly. All the singer's immense power burst forth in Humphrey's "A Hymne to God the Father", and his ability to show tender feeling contrasted well with it here. The intended rustic atmosphere and Haydn's love of the country were wonderfully portrayed in "With Joy the Impatient Husbandman" from "The Seasons".

The next set of German songs were all composed by Beethoven and were songs of love in its various forms. "Malied" (May), "Wonne der Wehmut" (unsuccessful lover), "Ich Liebe Dich" (I Love You), and "Der Kuss" (the Kiss). Before embarking on each Mr. Milligan gave a few words of explanation but in the final one especially it was hardly necessary. Mr. Milligan made every word so very real to us through his acting and facial expressions. The entire audience bubbled with laughter.

Set three consisted of three dramatic operatic selections, "Alla Vita che t'arride" (Un Ballo in Moschera) by Verdi, the recitative "We are sure of our case now", and the aria "Must I forego my Pleasure?", the recitative and aria both being taken from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro". Even here Mr. Milligan explained the context of each selection and the amusing way in which he did so was indeed one of the delights of the evening.

The fourth set of songs, which came after intermission, were quite varied. The quiet and rather subdued "Cloths of Heaven" (Dunhill) completely enthralled everyone. "Sweet Chance that Led My Steps" (Head) was followed by a composition of lighter character by Ireland, "I Have Twelve Oxen". In conclusion there were "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" (Quilter) and "A Soft Day" (Stanford). I cannot imagine that anyone failed to be spellbound by the latter.

The final set of songs were arranged by Hughes. "Down by the Sally Gardens" ended with unexpected abruptness and was quickly followed by the delightfully frank and fresh "Ballynure Ballad", and "She Moved Through the Fair". Then came a direct change of mood with "The Stuttering Lovers". The applause with which Mr. Milligan and Dr. Brough left the stage was inspiring and brought the desired result — encores. The audience seemed to applaud incessantly, each time becoming more insistent and even after the final selection, ceased only out of courtesy. The encores consisted of varied types of songs, Julius Harrison's "Sea Winds", "Esah" from Sterndale Benet's Nursery Rhymes, Moussorgsky's immortal "Song of the Flea", sung only as Mr. Milligan is able to sing, and the lovely Russian love song by Mendicoff, "Hills of Gruzia".

I was one of many who were held entranced until the last sound of the piano and voice drifted away.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

Imagination

. . . that delightful or dreadful delirium which bears us on soft feathery wings to the shining splendour of a crystal palace or the dim duskiness of a hidden cave. What should we do without it?

Do you remember the ghosts in the haunted house down the long, lonely road? The waving whips of the grey trees threatening you along the way as the mocking moon laughed like a hyena in the choking air?

Do not forget the fairy princess flitting about as she goes to keep a tryst with the prince who has freed her from the spell of the wicked witch. Look across the crimson bay to the top of the burning mountain. There stands the devil, red against the ochre sky, his forked tail and his painted horns glowing in the blazing fire. You say: "I was young then."

Do you recall the spectral beauty of the hallowed madonna with a blessed Christ-Child laid in her tender arms, of the solitary, sorrowing figure beneath the heavy cross?

Do not turn your eye from the actor laughing and crying on the stage, or from your searching for expression in his mobile face. Do not close your ear to the melodious music filling the cathedral with the royal tones from the organ. Listen, in the great hall, for the clear sweet air of the harmonious strings and the exalted ring of the cymbals. Now you say: "That's different."

Yet is it not all the same imagination? You may hear the flawless perfection of a piano concerto. Without imagination, the concerto would not have been; without more imagination it would have been but a sound. You may see the superb technical work of a dancer. Without imagination, the dance would not have been either: without more imagination it would have been only a movement. What should we have left without it? We could have no sonata or concerto, no preludes or fugues; no drama, no poetry, no art conjured up from the wandering mind of man or inspired by the beauties of nature. At last you say: "I see: imagination is the foundation."

LOIS LINSTEAD,
Grade XIII.

The Pleasantest Time of the Year

The first chirp of a robin, announcing the entrance of spring! Like a trumpeter heralding in the king and queen in all their resplendent glory, so the robin is nature's harbinger of spring.

It is not long before the deep bass of the bull-frog begins to play its part in nature's symphony. The throbbing bass carries the beat; the breeze, rustling the leaves, provides a soft background; the crickets and evening birds carry the melody. Nature's great orchestra — symbolic of spring.

Even before the last snows have disappeared, and the cold wind has retired to his domain in the far north, the little green shoots start appearing out of the fine brown earth. A little white flower here, a blue one there: some small, others a little larger. First appearing in the woods, they march out, day by day, until all the sunny meadows and fields are covered with their cheery little faces. Up the mountain side, above the tree-line, on rocks and in crevices they appear, some peeping shyly, others showing themselves boldly — the flowers, a part of Mother Nature's great corsage.

But what of the background of this corsage, the trees? Bare branches have been covered, almost overnight, by tiny, light green buds, unfolding more each day, to frame the corsage and show up the pastels and bright colours of the flowers. The whole countryside is like a Picasso — splashed in many colours — blue and green together, but never clashing.

At no other time of the year is the sky a deeper or more intense blue than it is in the spring. Small fluffy white clouds float around, like cotton-batting soaking up a pool of light blue ink.

The woodlands teem with wild life. A tiny fawn, hidden by the underbrush, has strayed from its mother. A mother bear leads her twin cubs into the bright sunlight for the first time. The wanderer in the woods is often startled by the sudden appearance of a cotton-tail, scurrying for cover, or a mother partridge, feigning lameness to lead the intruder away from her chicks.

Springtime, the appearance of new life and new love, the warmth of the sunshine, after the cold winter blizzards, the re-awakening of the world: the pleasantest time of the year.

ELAINE WESTHEUSER,
Grade XIII.

THE BIRD

I saw a little bird sitting in a tree
And oh, how merrily he sang to me.
He sang of the short April showers
And how he brought the lovely flowers.
He sang about the birds and bees
And of the lonely tulip trees:
Of how to you it might seem
That I have had a lovely dream.

AN APPLE TREE

I stood beneath an apple tree
The apples were so good to eat
Up high above my head
I saw the apples round and red.
A robin sang a tiny song
And after that I waited long:
A fairy in the apple tree
Threw an apple down to me.

BARCLAY-JANE GREY,
Grade IV.

Spring Formal

To a dreamy melody, we waltzed slowly on the silvery sands of a moonlit beach. The gentle breeze tousled my curls as his cheek pressed warmly against mine. Softly-lapping water washed upon the far-stretching, twinkling carpet of sand. Far off could be heard the rustling of the huge, hanging palm leaves and tiny pebbles tingled under my golden sandals. My soft-flowing gown of white floated on the mystic couriers of the breeze and shimmered softly in the illuminating beam of the sailing moon. My heart skipped lightly as we smoothly glided on the sifting sands. Tremors ran delicately along my spine, tingling my senses. As our eyes met, straining notes of calypso music penetrated our minds.

Once again we swirled about the dance floor, this time to the dominant beat of the quick music. Suddenly we became aware of the excited talking and gay laughter around us. Couples chattered merrily as they sipped punch and nibbled on tidbits beneath the gay red streamers stretching above them. Balloons made popping sounds and animated dancers responded gaily to the rhythm surging from the orchestra, exotically set against a background of multicolored flower buds richly outlining the word "Jamaica". This contrast of emotions filled every person at our Spring Formal.

BARBARA SNOW,
Grade XII.

Whitby Concert Association

The final concert in this series was presented on March 13, at the College. This concert featured Paul Helmer, a brilliant seventeen-year-old pianist, and the Opera Quartet under the direction of John Coveart. The quartet consisted of two ladies and two gentlemen: Anne Stephenson (soprano), Phyllis Mailing (contralto), Walter Dinoff (tenor), and James Whicher (baritone).

Ann Stephenson is the fifth descendant of Justice Reynolds who built Ontario Ladies' College, which was Trafalgar Castle in his day. Miss Stephenson's grandfather was on the Whitby Council while he resided in this area between 1910 and 1915 and her father, Lavergne Stephenson, received his education in the public and high schools of Whitby.

Since her graduation as a scholarship student of the University of Toronto's Artist Diploma Course (Faculty of Music), Anne has sung to steadily mounting critical acclaim. Her lovely lyric soprano has been heard in recital, opera and oratorio; on radio and television. Miss Stephenson has studied for some time with the distinguished teacher, Dr. Ernesto Vinci but will be leaving soon for a year of post-graduate study in New York city.

Phyllis Mailing first started singing seriously at the age of 18. She gained the Conservatory's Gold Medal in 1950 for the highest mark in Canada in the Associateship singing examinations. Miss Mailing has made many radio ap-

pearances — on Hamilton's "Artists Series" as well as "Singing Stars of Tomorrow" and "Nos Futures Etoiles", and appeared in the Toronto Opera Festival. In 1956 she understudied the Metropolitan Opera star Regina Resnik in the "Rape of Lucretia" as leading role at the Stratford Music Festival, after which she toured with the National Ballet.

Walter Dinoff began his singing career as a boy soprano of nine. Graduating from school during the war, he abandoned plans for making music his full-time occupation, and enlisted in the R.C.A.F. On discharge, he again turned to music and studied with Dr. Ernesto Vinci and Weldon Kilburn. Since 1950 Mr. Dinoff has accepted leading roles with the Meistersingers Opera Company and has appeared in concert and recital programmes throughout Ontario and the West Coast.

James Whicher is a native of Ontario, as too, are the others. After graduating from Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph he decided to make music his career, beginning his studies at the Royal Conservatory of Music under George Lambert in 1953. Since coming to Toronto he has given a number of recitals throughout Ontario and is baritone soloist at Grace Church on the Hill. In the spring of 1956 he was the top male singer in the "Singing Stars of Tomorrow" programme, where he won the \$1,000 award, and went to New York for further study. At present a member of the Toronto Opera Festival Company, he played a leading role when it toured "Cosi fan Tutte" in late 1956.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

People Naturally Intrigue Me

The whole atmosphere was all too familiar: its smoke, the people, the soft, low rhythm of the music blending into the background and the dim lighting. Occasionally a laugh could be distinguished, a rather self-conscious and nervous screech, or perhaps a glass might be heard tinkling. Someone was toasting to a worthy cause; someone was always toasting, it seemed!

I stood on the stair, just a few feet above the general level of heads, entranced by the wonder of people, their personalities and actions. I could not help but stare at one beautiful young woman who was surrounded by the opposite sex. The simple, yet sophisticated way with which she expressed herself; the soft, slow movement of her lips as she spoke and then her eyes . . . they were like the night: black, enchanting, with stars adding to the mystery of it all. She seemed perfect from this point but her left hand revealed that she was married too.

My gaze wandered back to the door where several others were arriving to indulge in festivities. Fools! I thought. They have nothing better to do than run

from one cocktail party to the next. A large and rather buxom woman wearing a dazzling green atrocity made her entrance as though she owned the place. She was laughing, her manner carefree, yet amusing. She reminded me of a clown I once saw. That must have been thirteen . . . no, fourteen years ago, at least! My mind returned to the woman who was now tossing her mink stole on a chair and wrapping herself rather clumsily around some innocent bystander. I felt sorry for him.

"Georgie! Come dance with me, darling!" she said.

She did manage to get the party rolling, I must admit, for several others began dancing and then someone gave the music a slight lift in volume. Fascination turned to amazement as I watched. The entire atmosphere had changed in a matter of minutes and everyone began coming out of his shell, as it were. Just for curiosity's sake, I approached the hi-fi and switched the slow dance record to a charleston and then reclined again on the sofa to watch the reaction.

For a minute all of them just stood and stared at each other like stuffed birds propped up in a museum. Then the buxom trifle grabbed "Georgie" and began swinging him to and fro as if he were a blanket. The rest followed suit seconds afterwards. Everyone and his brother were there, it seemed, and they were all relaxing now. They were really enjoying themselves. Try as I might, though, I could not bring myself to join in the fun — and it was fun! I preferred just to sit and analyse every face, male and female. (People are my business and my life: I am a psychiatrist, so I was having a marvellous time simply watching.)

I helped myself to another cigarette and gazed and thought and then gazed some more — intrigued with the entire atmosphere.

Presently, I grew bored. I made my excuses to the hostess (I think I got the right woman. You never really thank the real hostess) and stepped through the door into the hall. The silence and sweet freshness of the air stunned me for a minute. It was like stepping from a boiler factory into a sound-proofed chamber. I stood for a minute thinking to myself, thinking thoughts that were pleasant, critical and complimentary, all in one. I thought of every individual in the room from which I had recently departed and then I thought of myself. The only life they knew was one of business and pleasure, but never one of self-satisfaction, the kind that one may find in earnest work, in religion and in love for others. They knew nothing of these virtues and probably never would.

Yet, I don't feel angry with them or even disgusted. I think it is a pity that I feel more than anything else, for they do not realise what useless and empty lives they live. However, it is not for me to say. People can only intrigue and go on intriguing me, but I am certain that I shall never be one of them (and I thank God for it).

SUSAN MILLARD,
Grade XIII.

March

16th — To those who were contemporary with her and to those who know her through her return visits to us, Mary Harper has become somebody to watch. As a Music Major of the College, she took the Jessie Ayres Scholarship, and for the past two years has been studying under Mr. Gordon Hallett at the Royal Conservatory. Her recital was an occasion. Indeed so great was the excitement that somebody forgot to remove the tag from the flowers which were therefore presented to Mary complete with trailing yellow ticket! We hope that the memory of our affection will serve you well, Mary!

Is it fair to comment on the work of a performer so young in her career? Perhaps not, but nevertheless, to those who have heard Mary, one thing is noticeable. Mary plays, not as though rendering something that is fully outlined beforehand, but with the emotional excitement of the artist journeying through composition, sure that he is caught up in something valuable.

22nd — Of the many good movies shown this year, "The Divided Heart" perhaps made greatest appeal. This story of a war 'orphan' adopted by a German man and his wife and subsequently claimed successfully by his real mother was very sad. The Editor cried all the way through!

28th — The Easter Bunny (Liz Anvik) arrived on Lower Main. Thanks for a wonderful party, Seniors, and a really memorable impersonation, Liz!

31st — At 4 p.m., amid great excitement, Renata Pennacchiotti was elected May Queen, with Elaine Westheuser and Elizabeth Johnston as counsellors.

At 8.30 p.m., the Easter Bunny made a special appearance when the Seniors entertained the Faculty and Staff on Lower Main.

April

1st — In one room along the class-room corridor there was found a suspicious-looking package decked out in Christmas wrapping! On one of the Halls, pranksters plotting broomstick bother for a neighbour laughed heartily at themselves when the early riser wrecked their rest!

News reached us that Pat Slemon, who was with us last year until her parents left for the States, and who had formerly been a Miss Roughrider, had been elected Miss Air Defence Command at North America Command Post, Colorado. Congratulations, Pat!

2nd — Karen Munro escaped from Teachers' College in time to carry off Heather for the Easter holidays. Welcome back, Karen!

SOCIAL EDITOR AND OTHERS.



A GIRL'S LIFE HAS MANY FACETS

The Seniors Look Back



After the Easter recess, the Senior Dinner on April 18th began once again the series of lovely occasions by which we bring our year to its conclusion. This year, some of the graduates bring you their reminiscences:

MY FIRST NIGHT ON UPPER RYERSON

I was deposited on Upper Ryerson and the only other living soul on the hall was Mrs. Ford who very kindly assured me that all would be well.

Once in bed, I lay thinking of myself as in the long-deserted wing of a mysterious old castle complete with the long, underground passages and secret panels I had heard about.

Just as I was falling asleep, the loudest bell I had ever heard rang, and kept ringing for at least, it seemed, five minutes. I sat bolt upright, thinking that it could be nothing less than a fire. However, since Mrs. Ford did not come to rescue me, I settled down again, only to hear the same bell a few minutes later, ringing just as loudly and longer than the last time. Again I sat up, shaking, but since I heard no call of fire, tried once more to go to sleep.

Ten minutes later, I was sitting up again with that same terrible ringing in my ears, wondering if bells were especially set to keep new girls awake. Little did I know that soon the same bell would ring and that I would not even hear it.

MARGARET BIRD.

WHAT THE HEART MEANS TO ME

From the windows at the end of main hall, you can look down on the heart . . . so dear to the memories of many graduates, as it will be to us . . . for there the graduates gather on class day and they can gaze up at the school and think back over the lessons learned and the friends made. What a long journey this has been . . . from the creek as an elementary to the heart as a graduate. But the success that we have achieved here will always linger with us. And through the disappointments and frustrations of later life, we shall have something to tide us over . . . the memory of Trafalgar Castle.

ELAINE WESTHEUSER.



RELAXATION ON LOWER MAIN

The Sabbath Day

One can imagine an average family having a lazy breakfast with something extra special, perhaps. Afterwards, each member instinctively goes to his or her room and begins dressing for the short drive to church.

It is a happy drive or at least it used to be when I was a boy. Papa brought the horse and buggy around to the front of the house and after an unnecessary delay because Sister could not find her perfume or because Junior's nails were dirty, we would start down the shady lane where there happened to be more forcythia and more magnolias than I had ever seen on any road in Sunny Hollow.

After church, Grandma would come over, and also Auntie Bess and Uncle George and, of course, Bobby and Jean. We took our luncheon which was followed by tea and then all five of us went out to play. Towards dusk, the party broke up and everyone would settle down, preparing himself for the busy new week immediately ahead of him.

Yes, it used to be a happy, quiet day and I cannot for the life of me think what has gone wrong.

We still have the lazy breakfast, a little noisier perhaps, but everyone in his or her contour chair seems comfortable.

Instead of Dobbin and the carriage, Junior backs the car out of the garage and with a sudden and panic-striking squeal of brakes in the front, he enters the house and with a loud bellow — "Come on, let's get it over with" — calls us down.

Because we do like to preserve a little decorum, I drive to church. Going down that beautiful old lane, I have to sigh. Where there were magnolias, there now stand garages and stores and where there was forsythia, there now stand the Youth Centre, pool hall and roller rink. Oh yes, instead of Sunny Hollow, it is Sunny Howl.

The service is over and with one great wave of his arm, Junior bands us all together and we take the shortest route home, whereupon mother's duty, and mine, is to evcuete the car as soon as possible, because Junior is off with his sister to get the "gang". Do not ever mention Grandma. They would look at you and call your "square"!

Instead of the former break-up at dusk, now Junior and Marge decide to have a party because this is the last day of the week-end. I can take so much, but when it comes to the point when Mother and I are supposed to turn off Playhouse 90 because that Presley rough-neck is on Television, I rebel. Waving my arms does not seem to help, but after having held my peace all day, at the threat of this not-too-unusual Sunday night ritual, I bid them all a good night.

For a few minutes to follow, brakes squeal, kids yell, but then it is all over and sitting there, looking up at the twinkling happy little stars, I am back at 104 Shady Lane.

NANCY HUGHES,
Grade XII.

Sonnet

O God! How far away thou art
Among the steps of space and time
From me, thine unbelieving heart,
Caught fast within this curved line.
How long, how far must I yet pass
And search confused in lonely halls?
How long to find among the mass
The fading voice that faintly calls?
The voice that re-awakens life
To live again and see the dawn
With eyes not blind, in ended strife,
With peaceful mind and faith not gone;
Let me live and love with every breath,
And dwell in happy sadness e'er my death.

LOIS LINSTEAD,
Grade XIII.

Dedication of the Chancel Window

On Sunday, April 20th, 1958, the College played hostess to a large group of Alumnae members on the occasion of the dedication of the Chancel window, the money for which (\$2,700) was raised solely by the Alumnae Association. Dr. Carscallen, Principal Emeritus of the College, assisted Dr. Osborne in the reading of the Scripture. After the reading of the Old Testament lectionary, the choir sang the "Te Deum".

For his sermon, Dr. Osborne chose the title "The Uplifted Christ", and into this he worked an explanation of what was to be seen in the window. However, he said that even he had not yet seen everything represented in the window, because every time a person enters the chapel, he sees something new.

After the sermon, the dedication of the window took place. As president of the Alumnae, Mrs. F. C. Wooley was called upon to make the presentation, which was very short, and impressive to those of us who sat silently watching.

The centre panel is in honour of Miss Maxwell who, for twenty-seven years, was Dean of the College and who was loved and admired by every student who had the pleasure of knowing her. The other panels are in honour of all other Deans who have served our school. Miss Sissons and Miss Carter, both former Deans, attended the dedication.

After the service, the members of the Alumnae remained as guests of the school for dinner, and it was the privilege of the Graduating Class to sit with them on this occasion.

ANDREA MAZZOLENI,
Grade XII.

Frustration at its Peak

The view from my window is rather a poor one, I will admit, but nevertheless I like to look out occasionally, despite the fact that the scenery is the back yard.

You know how simple it is for a slight movement to catch your eye? That was what happened to me. I happened to notice, coming from behind a building, a man. He was followed by another. Naturally I thought nothing of it because men are often working around the building. I watched the first, whom I shall call "Number One", pull a hood over his head and then slip on a pair of gloves. "Number Two" followed suit. They both stood, peering about, as it seemed, cautiously. Number One began waving his arm as if to beckon something. By this time, I was utterly fascinated by the boldness of these men. Obviously they were bandits of some sort.

As if to confirm my suspicions, a large white truck appeared from around the corner and two more men, Numbers Three and Four, jumped down from the cab and pulled on their hoods and gloves. The four men then went into a little circle, apparently discussing what their next move would be. Number One, who was in charge apparently, pointed to the back door. Numbers Three and Four disappeared into the doorway, returning seconds later, each carrying two very large cases which were, in turn, handed to Numbers One and Two who ultimately dumped the contents into the truck. This procedure was repeated several times, before, deeply mortified, I realised what they were doing; these men were stealing the canned goods which helped us survive the long winter months!

I hurried across the room to get my glasses. (I always keep them in my bureau so that in emergencies I always know precisely where to find them.) I thought that if I could get a better look at the intruders (my eye-sight is extremely poor, in fact my doctor tells me that I shall be completely blind at forty!), I might be able to describe them to the police. I clawed frantically at the drawer. It seemed stuck. It was stuck! I raced for my nail-file. Ordinarily, I kept it in my blazer pocket but to-day it was not there. No sense in wasting time looking for it, I thought, so I tried the drawer once again, this time with success! My fingers fumbled when opening the case and it dropped but fell open. Hastily, I pushed on the glasses. They were dirty; too dirty to see from anyway. I cleaned them and scrambled to the window again.

Mute, I gazed at the little scene in the yard below. Everything made sense. My frustration was complete . . . It was garbage day!

SUSAN MILLARD,
Grade XIII.

SPORTS



THE ATHLETICS ASSOCIATION



Sports Year

Bright, sunny skies heralded our first sports event of the year: Field Day. Under the capable direction of the A.A. and with the excellent participation of the students (aided by the hotdogs and soft drinks, Mrs. Bradley), it was truly a successful day.

The winners were:

Senior	—	Nikki Patterson
Intermediate	—	Mary Wharton
Junior	—	Petra Von Festenburg
Juvenile	—	Judy Wolfe
Midget	—	Ann McKinnon

Maxwell House was on top with the most points.

Our volleyball teams made out very well, showing sportsmanship in all our games against other schools.

Basketball brought us through the winter season almost entirely successful, the exceptions being a loss of one game for each team.

The Badminton Tournament had everyone up in the morning before the bells, but the ones proving most wide awake and ready for action were Pat Bubbs and Pat Linsell, who won the doubles and Pat Bubbs again when she won the singles.



In Review



This year, Swimming became very prominent and popular under the supervision of our new instructress, Mrs. Roblin.

Winners of the Swimming Meet were:

Senior	—	Ann Wellington
Intermediate	—	Mary Bryans
Junior	—	Lynne Wellington
Midget	—	Anne Carley

As well as our Swimming Meet, many girls passed Red Cross Swimming tests while others performed in water displays.

May Day preparations provided us with exercise and activity in all our spare moments, but we were rewarded by a warm, glorious day and a good turn-out.

Congratulations to Maxwell House, winner of the interhouse Sports Shield and many thanks to Mrs. Hallpike, Mrs. Roblin and the members of the A.A. for their splendid work in contributing to O.L.C.'s school sports and school spirit.

HEATHER MUNRO,
Sports Editor.





THE A.A. SPONSORED A WEALTH OF ACTIVITIES FOR US



"VAULTING AMBITION . . ."

"ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON" — Holmes



TÊTE À PIED

Lost In A Crowd . . . ?

She was standing, lost in thought, when I noticed her. I moved closer. She had blonde hair, but it was not the colour that comes from a bottle of peroxide. She seemed above things such as dyeing her hair. She had the pale, ethereal beauty which angels are sometimes pictured as having. I wondered what she was really like. It would be so pleasant to know her.

I thought that she would probably be an understanding sort of person. She was perhaps interested in poetry; poetry from the Romantic Period, not the harsh, modern "vers libre". Very likely she had a collection of classical records at home. I tried to decide what her voice would be like. Would it be low and vibrant or more like the song of a bird? I pictured her to myself as an ancient goddess. Was she more like Aphrodite, or Minerva? She was slender, not solid and sturdy like Venus de Milo. Perhaps she was more like a medieval damsel? She might be like the heroine of Tennyson's "The Lady of Shalott". I would be her Sir Lancelot. But I would not ride off like Lancelot, without seeing her. Suddenly she opened her mouth. The fair one was going to speak:

"Hey Jean, wait for me. You know I don't want to miss 'Your Hit Parade' with that dreamy announcer, Nick Brown. He just sends me. And I just adore the songs he plays; all that Rock 'n' Roll. Don't forget that bottle. You promised to help me touch up those roots."

My idol was shattered. Never again would I pride myself on my ability to tell a person's character from her face. Then I noticed her friend Jean. She had such lovely brown hair and brown eyes. She looked so friendly and so understanding. What a lovely dimple she had. I wanted to meet her. **She** would be different . . .

E. BRAIN,
Grade XII.

Rush Hour In Brazil —

My favourite sport is riding. Horses, that is. My chief aversion is to a different type of riding; that of riding the Brazilian bondes.

A bonde in Brazil is the main means of transportation besides the truck-like buses or popafilhas, and bears strong resemblance to an English trolley after the removal of both sides. It must be noted, however, that many are still intact and if one is lucky enough to catch one of these between the hours of five and seven, one has no fear of falling off the vehicle at each turning of a corner or at each screeching halt. Therefore with this chief worry removed, one has only to concentrate on compressing oneself to the thinnest possible and squeezing through the sardine-pack of the Brazilian rush-hour.

Loving riding, horses that is, I accept every invitation to ride and it so happened that, returning one afternoon from a riding jaunt, I was unable to find a way home other than that of walking or of taking the bonde.

Deciding on the former, I began clunking along in high-heeled riding boots, jodhpurs and leather jacket. Two blocks later, I eyed the long file of factory workers, hesitantly reconsidered my hasty decision, felt the creased leather rub against my heel and with grim determination stomped into line. This state of mind was quickly replaced by embarrassment, for I was aware of pairs of Brazilian eyes staring unbelievably in my direction. Trying to keep an unconcerned expression, I studied the miniature torrent running along the gutter, and sought varying patterns in the set of the rectangular cobblestones until two bondes hissed and screamed to a stop.

I have not the faintest recollection of boarding the bonde for I am certain I moved not an inch voluntarily. However, the fact remained that I did enter the vehicle and three objectives followed. The first was to disentangle my feet and put them somewhere out of the way of passengers wishing to move further down the aisle. The second was to switch from a sideways position, which was like being squeezed in a vice, to face the seated population, using my shoulders to push apart the two solid forms on either side.

It must be noted at this point that the Brazilian bonde is constructed differently from any trolley anyone has seen anywhere except in Brazil and that I say this not critically nor in compliment but merely to convey a clearer picture of my predicament. The driver is in much the same position as those in Canada; nearest the front. The passenger enters and walks down the wide aisle made possible by the arrangement of seats which look like two elongated wooden divans placed facing each other in a narrow hall-way. Mid-way between the two doors, on the left, is a turnstile, the function of which is to register the number of passengers, the collecting of the two-and-a-half cruzero fare being left to a man dressed in the traditional navy blue of the bonde lines and who returns change automatically. After performing this ritual, the passenger is free to disembark at whichever stop is most convenient, if he is able to clear a path in time.

Realising that my stop was close, I began pushing through the vile-smelling crowd and in the direction in which I supposed was the turnstile, pausing only to regain my breath and muster up more pushing power. Half my battle was over as the turnstile registered one thousand, nine hundred and thirty-two. On I pushed, trying to "feel" a small portion of bare floor space on which to put my foot as I inched forward. Miraculously, I had wormed my way to the group about the exit. It was tighter by far than the huddle of a losing football team.

Not knowing whether any of these people were descending at my stop, I foresaw myself walking home from some remote corner of the city, the result of being too shy to speak in my brand of Portuguese.

The vehicle jerked, the doors banged open and behold, the passenger in front of me descended, leaving a gap of which I quickly took an advantage before the mob shut off my only means of escape into a more commodious world.

DONNA MARCHYN,
Grade XI.

Junior Class



Margaret Allen, Cobourg

Captain of Carter House. She hopes to find "Zoom" in Europe where she will spend next year.



Ann Chenoweth, Peterborough

Ann, our carefree ballerina, is a great asset to the athletics of the school. We hope to see Ann in the Fall.



Katherine Beatty, Kingston

Vice-President of A.A. Work fascinates Kathie. She could sit and look at it for hours. Pet Saying: "Apologise, Mrs. Furlong, you woke me up."



Elizabeth Elmslie, Kitchener

Don't take sleeping pills, Liz, take Latin. Pet Saying: "But, Mrs. Crocker, why can't you do it **my** way?"



Elizabeth Brain, Hawkesbury

Vice-President of the S.C.M. Elizabeth could make a lot of money selling her homework.



Marion Gamble, Toronto

There's more here than meets the eye. It's the quiet ones that you have to watch.



Clare (H.H.) Borland, Marmora

Clare surprised us all when she came back after Easter with a brush cut. Pet Peeve: People who find her secret hiding place.



Gael Ferguson, Copper Cliff

Sports Captain of Hare House. She is noted for the school's largest laundry bag (stored behind dresser). Pet Saying: "Time for a snooze."



Elizabeth Gardner, Cornwall

The little girl who wasn't there. You must get some sleep if you want to tumble. Favourite Pastime: Arguing with Pattie-Louise.

Carol McGowan, Nicaragua

Our mermaid from Nicaragua has trouble finding time to help Mrs. Hallpike. Pet Saying: "Vamos a las clases, Anita."



Lola Hillman, Noranda

Lola was President of the A.A. and her year has been a great success. Are those colours for O.L.C. or for St. Mike's, Lola?

Patricia McNab, Toronto

Our cheerful Class President has a pleasant way of contaminating the school with other people's colds.



Nancy Hughes, Long Island

"I've had my diet. Now, where's my dinner?" Nancy's time is reserved for matching wits with her friends at Assumption.

Antoinette Porsild, Ottawa

Secretary-Treasurer of the class. She can usually be found roaming the halls in search of someone to translate the foreign inscriptions found at the bottom of her letters from Midland, eh, Farley?



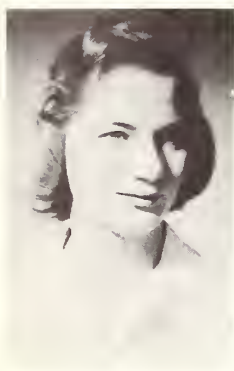
Andrea Mazzoleni, Toronto

Quiet and friendly with a smile for everyone. Pet Peeve: No time to practise Speech Arts.

Judith Reid, Pembroke

Vice-President of the class. Pet Peeve: "My hair is **not** red. It's rusty-brown." Good luck next year, Judy.





Barbara Snow, Aurora

Our model from Aurora is a hard worker but saves plenty of time for fun. "You can't flunk me. I've rarely been to class."



Gwendolyn Swan, Bermuda

Sub-Captain of Hare House. Gwen is not partial to water but loves to be near it!!! See you in the Fall, Gwennie.



Judy Sommerville, Woodbridge

Judy, our colourful friend, has a gleam in her eye which can only mean mischief.



Ann Wellington, Colombia, S.A.

Ann, our popular Head Girl, as shown by her re-election, is looking forward to her first flying lesson.



Evelyn Sunter, Seeley's Bay

Evy has been our S.C.M. Prefect this year and the Bazaar is just one example of her great achievements. We wonder what goes on behind those glasses?



Mary Wharton, Toronto

Sub-Captain of Maxwell House.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who has food on this hall?"



Margaret Sutherland, Avonmore

Secretary-Treasurer of the A.A., Margaret wants to be a nurse some day. Probable Destination: A full-time patient of her psychiatrist.



Georgina White, Pickering

Our human alarm clock may be up with the birds but is always late for choir. Her sun lamp attracts the whole school.

Speaking of Strange Stories

I heard a curious one the other day. I almost . . . but I am getting ahead of myself. I should begin at the beginning.

At the Bridge Club, we were discussing coincidence. Mrs. Brown's guest, who had not said a word during the discussion, suddenly spoke:

"A strange thing happened to me just recently." Then she stopped. "But no, you wouldn't be interested."

We begged her to continue.

"While I was watching television one evening and thinking about the quiz programme that was in progress, the screen suddenly went blank. I jumped up to readjust the set, for the contestant was just about to answer an important question, but as I did so, a message flashed on to the screen: 'Please do not adjust your set.' Then I heard a voice: 'We are sorry for the interruption to our service. The technician has just had a heart attack.' I fell back in my chair, panic-stricken. The technician was my husband. In a moment the sound of voices was coming from the set again but I could not lift my eyes to the quiz.

"As soon as I could gather enough strength to walk, I stumbled to the telephone and tried to contact the television station. The 'phone was dead. Almost demented, I rushed to the closet to get my coat. I was determined to find out what had happened. Just then there was a ring. It was a call from our son in California. He had become worried about his father and had 'phoned to see if everything was all right."

"What a coincidence!" my friends exclaimed.

"I suppose it was. But the greatest coincidence is that I have told the story four times, and the reaction has always been the same. You see, my husband has always been a salesman. He has never had a heart attack and while I was watching the television, no mention has ever been made of anyone's having had one. And as for our son in California . . . our only child, a girl, lives in the same town as we do."

E. BRAIN,
Grade XII.



FRONT ROW

Elizabeth Bell-Smith, Brockville
— "Sweet stuff!"

Carol Gilchrist, Ottawa
— "Le Wally and La Wally!"

Elizabeth Lowes, Whitby
— "Smart ALEX!"

Ann Leavens, Thistle town
— "Shake, rattle and roll!"

MIDDLE ROW

Donna Marchyn, Brazil
— "Where are the scissors
my clothes don't fit!"

Barbara Southern, California
— "I'm always in a St'U!"

Paula Crocker, Jamestown
— "I wanta be Peter's pet!"

Betty White, Bermuda
— "Let's go to the BEACH!"

Irene Pennacchiotti, Venezuela
— "That's not so!"

Margaret Boland, Toronto
— "Is that right!"

Patricia Dunham, Whitby
— "I Dunham my History!"

BACK ROW

Jo Ann Bowle-Evans, P.Q.
— "Come on kids, hurry up!"

Mary Bryans, Trenton
— "R.C.A.F v C.H.U.M."

Mary Newberry, Trinidad
— "Hey pet, it's from Pete!"

Heather Munro, Toronto
— "I was so embarrassed!"

Patricia Linsell, Venezuela
— "Ohhh! You guys!"

Kathleen Moores, Labrador
— "I'm living my Latin!"

Gail Smith, Shawville
— "I've had my dinner:
now where's my diet!"

ABSENT

Elaine Lowery, Haileybury
— "I'm studying for my M.r.s.!"



FRONT ROW

Diane Abernethy, Toronto
—People who buy fattening food

Diana Pennacchiotti, Venezuela
—Lack of movie star pictures

Pamela Earle, Whitby
—Losing blue hair ribbons

Linda Reid, Ajax
—Saying "um"

Judy Wolfe, P.Q.
—Just bills

MIDDLE ROW

Agnes Frohlinger, Lynden
—People who can't do their own hair

Sandra Stanway, Toronto
—Being told her hair is bleached

Baiba Zelmensis, Birnhaven
—People too shy to take her food

Lorna Cane, Belleville
—A XII who thinks she's too young

Mary Jo Telford, Brampton
—People who don't answer her notes

Judith Johnson, Toronto
—Boys not in uniform

Jennifer Monro, Port Credit
—Not being able to laugh

BACK ROW

Bonnie Hooker, Oshawa
—Lost flashlights

Karen Stover, Columbia
—Being called Stover

Sharon Clark, New Liskeard
—Polishing Upper Fran floors

Rosemary Lawson, Galt
—People: except Don

Sandra Clarke, Oshawa
—Staying after school

Wendy Wackid, Ottawa
—Time between now and XIII

Joan Adamson, Toronto
—Clearisal that doesn't clear

Margaret Mitchell, P.Q.
—Having nothing to wear



FRONT ROW

Gael Legerton, Toronto
—"Oh . . . well!"

Denise White, Elliot Lake
—"Blimey, old-Bean, jolly good!"

Judy Arnup, Toronto
—"What's the baseball score?"

Janene Austin, Colombia
—"Hurry girls, we'll be late!"

MIDDLE ROW

Carol Hall, Toronto
—"You know what I mean!"

Susan Piper, P.Q.
—"There goes another cute boy"

Lynne Wellington, Colombia
—"Got to borrow money off Ann."

Lorraine Big Canoe, Georgina Is.
—"Wonder what the boys are doing?"

Diana Lazarus, Honduras
—"That deal over there"

BACK ROW

Jo-Anne Stewart, Alberta
—"Just joined the Elvis fan club"

Nancy Orton, Oshawa
—"Oh, really?"

Pamela Perry, Oshawa
—"I'm just kidding!"

Petra Von Festenberg, U.S.A.
—"Say that again!"

Catherine Wherry, Oshawa
—"Sh . . . here comes Mrs. Moore!"

Sandra Conant, Oakville
—"In class"—"Could it be?"



FRONT ROW

Erica Wilkinson, Toronto
—No mail

Helli Taskila, Willowdale
—Mail from the wrong people

Margaret Newman, Pickering
—Keeping on top

Jane Schofield, Sarnia
—Music lessons

Linda Thornton, Kapuskasing
—Math exams

MIDDLE ROW

Carol Newson, Lakefield
—Fire escapes

Linda Lazarus, C.A.
—Theory

Sonya Kyle, Toronto
—Tidying her room

Janet Coventry, Toronto
—Rules

Sandra Clark, Sudbury
—Boys

BACK ROW

Elizabeth Newman, Pickering
—Being on time

Sharon Clark, Sudbury
—Cars

Margaret Edwards, C.A.
—People who talk under their breath

Frances Orton, Oshawa
—Slow buses

Gaye Williamson, Lindsay
—Visitors that never arrive

ABSENT

Rhonda Bevan
—Different hair colours

Peggy Wilson, Brantford
—Spiders

Helen Rea, Toronto
—Rising bells

The Unwanted Mongrel

One morning, kind Mrs. Rogers found an unwanted mongrel on the back door step. As she had a very young daughter and the dog looked rather wild, she had to turn him away.

When Mrs. Rogers' daughter, Susan, became old enough to go out by herself, she always went to the rock pond at the end of the garden. There she would play stepping stone with the mongrel as her only watcher. At the middle of the pond, the stones were covered with an inch of water. One day, when she was nearing the middle of the pond, she slipped, striking her head on a rock as she fell with a splash into the water.

The little dog rushed up to the house barking madly and careening about all over the place. When the child had been lifted out of the pond by her frenzied mother and put to bed, Mrs. Rogers returned to the back door to find the mongrel on the door step. She took one look at his panting and shivering body and without further thought, picked him up and carried him into the house. Today the mongrel has a home, and a very happy one at that. But what pleases him most is that Susan insists on calling him "Hero".

JANET COVENTRY,

Grade VIII.

Through the Rockies

We started at Toronto by train and went through to Jasper Park in the mountains. A bus met us at the station and we were taken to Jasper Park Lodge. At the Lodge, inside the main building, there are telegraph offices, a post office, gift shops and a large lounge for the guests. There is a dining room at one side of the building. We did not sleep in the main building though. All the guests slept in separate log cabins, equipped with electricity and telephone.

After travelling through the mountains for three days, we left for Vancouver where we stayed another three days. From there we left by boat for Victoria and toured around Capilano Canyon where we saw the suspension bridge two hundred and eighty feet above the canyon. On Vancouver Island we were also taken to the observatory.

In Victoria we visited the famous Butchart Gardens with a guide taking us through the different walks, describing and naming the flowers as we saw them.

After a few days of sightseeing in the city and surrounding areas, we returned to Vancouver. On the highway, it was a common sight to see two or three bears walking up to the buses begging for food.

In Banff, we visited the Sulphur Springs in which people bathe. Banff's main street is only eight blocks long. At one end is the Cascade Mountain rising thousands of feet in the air. At the other end is Mount Rundel.

Three days later, we took the train back to Toronto. While on the train we spent a great deal of time in the famous Dome cars. We enjoyed the trip immensely but after so much excitement we were pleased to arrive home.

LINDA LAZARUS,

Grade VIII.

Pet Peeves

ELEMENTARIES



FRONT ROW

Jill Lambert, U.S.A.
—Not enough food
Jennifer Gregg, Whitby
—Memory work

Barclay-Jane Grey, Pickering
—Poor posture
Elizabeth Macleod, Oshawa
—Being in time for Chapel

Judy Lambert, U.S.A.
—Being quiet

BACK ROW

Susan Read, Whitby
—Homework

Ann McKinnon, Toronto
—Not enough time for reading

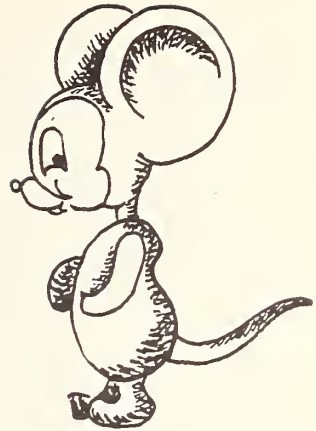
ABSENT

Margaret Smith, Hamilton
—Early lights



ON THE HALLS, YOU REALLY GET TO KNOW PEOPLE

Nibblings



BLUE BILLS—What can she have done with those ten pens?

GENERAL WEEK-END—

1st: Is it worth being there on Tuesday?

2nd: Would they notice if I waited till Wednesday?

HARASSED SENIOR—But, Mrs. Furlong, I'm graduating into a ditch-digger.

HOLIDAYS—

Christmas: "I'll take all my books home with me."

Easter: "The teachers think it's better to leave the books with them."

WORK—Most people suppose that the fairies do it all.

PRINCIPAL'S ANNOUNCEMENT AT LUNCH TIME:

Wanted: Another principal for O.L.C. Last one run over by train in classroom corridor.

TEACHER (2 days before Commencement)—

What a pity there isn't a lie detector which would work over Examination papers and save the Faculty the trouble!

DISAPPOINTED HOUSEMOTHER:

"You don't suppose that you are agitators, do you?"

Class Day

TENTH EDITION OF ARAB REPUBLIC PRESS

Once again we have had great demand for a report on the activities and passivities of the O.L.C. graduates of '58. They left their beloved school ten years ago. We have had great difficulty in discovering their hiding places—they are scattered from Canada to China.

Hot off the wires from our associate Tibetan press: "Miss Mary Farr has transferred her business from Peru to Afghanistan. Instead of caring for the curly locks of llamas, she has graduated to shearing and styling the long, shaggy hair of Afghanistan sheep dogs, the clippings of which she makes into wigs for the Bald-headed Plumbers' Association.

We are pleased to announce the publishing of a new book by Miss Bonnie Taylor. It deals with the subject of man-hunts from Swastika to Siam. We are positive that all readers will be interested in this thriller.

Attention! From Stratford-on-Avon comes the report that for the first time in history a female actress is playing the lead role in "Hamlet". Margaret Bird (stage name Marg Tweet) has done it again.

From the deepest, darkest congos of Africa has come the news of a skyscraper school house. Miss Jane Saunders, principal, owing to over-crowding in her Pygmie class, was forced to grow upwards instead of outwards.

Wedding of the year: Concert pianist Miss Sue Millard has tied the knot with Mr. John Willow-Smith. Her previous four weddings got off to a bad start because of inadequate catering services at the receptions. We know that this will be a success, however, because she has employed the services of her former class-mates—"Jeffrey-Hanson Catering Corporation". Although their motto is "No week-end service" their fine foods are renowned over the world. Miss Carol Hanson began as chief bottlewasher in the Dairy Farms Incorporated. She met Joyce here. Joyce was attempting to sell recipes written in Latin to intelligent housewives. Of course she made her first sale to Carol. The two decided that, with their combined ingenuities, they would make a successful team.

And now it is time to turn to the Comic Section of the "Arab Republic Press." In charge of this section we find cartoonist, Jane Bastedo, up to her old pranks of portraying the true characters of all her friends. Her latest comic strip, "The Wanderings of a Limp Mosquito Through a Telephone Wire", however, is a portrayal of her own experiences.

New discovery from the wilds of the far north: Miss Patricia Earle, psychologist, has discovered a new way of trapping wild animals that has given her a monopoly over the trapping business of the local Indian and Eskimo population. She uses mental telepathy and we hear that the animals literally run to greet her, while her husband "Sharp Shooter McGee" stands by and shoots them as they come.

We are happy to announce that the former Miss Elaine Westheuser has decided to set up a separate kindergarten for her children. Having been in a state of anxiety before marriage, she has now risen out of the Marsh and is sailing on calm waters.

The U.N. has found a most capable member — Miss Lois Linstead. Although she represents no country (she is undecided between U.S.A. and Russia), her astonishing knowledge in atomic energy has taken her far. In fact, the farthest journey she hopes to be taking soon is in a rocket to explore the moon, or in a "ground ship" in which she will shoot downwards to meet her friend, Sara, in China.

Sara Willis is fully occupied in the outskirts of Hong Kong. She has always wanted to look after cows—so now her dream is at last realised. She has used her Botany (which she learned in Fifth Form) to blend varieties to produce a cow with bigger, even more beautiful brown eyes.

Latest news from the highlands of Scotland has Liz Johnston playing "The Wandering Shepherd" on bagpipes, while her husband, Hagus MacBestway, tends the sheep. She has dancing classes in the Highland Fling which are well attended by all the sheep of the neighbouring flocks. Her next production at the Edinburgh Festival is "The Swinging Shepherds' Sheep" starring Gregory Sheep and Zaa Zaa Ewe.

We hear that Miss Diane Goodman deprives Canada of her magnificent acting ability, when once a year she climbs the Rockies to her shanty for the Spring. Here she has found that she can stand on a ledge of rock and shout out her lines to her heart's content without fear of blasting the audience's ears. In this manner, she improves her soliloquies. The Canadian Dramatists look forward to the time when she can devote full time not only to plays but to setting up a Canadian Hollywood.

Across the border, we find Miss Elizabeth Anvik, at the top of the Empire State Building. She has recently been elected President of the Lonely Hearts Club of the World. She specializes in advice to the love-lorn Japanese. She communicates to her world-wide offices by helicopter, piloted by one of her Eskimo friends, for whom she was unable to find a wife—her only failure.

From the towering peaks of the Himalayas comes the news that Geologist Miss Renata Pennicchiotti, who has been toiling with pick and shovel on precarious precipices since 1958, has at last made a stupendous discovery. She has struck oil on the highest peak of Mount Everest. We always knew that if she dug down far enough, she would get somewhere.

Extra! Extra! Great world-wide dope smuggling ring has been broken up, owing to the diligent work of the Greaves Detective Agency. Its head agent, Margaret "The Cat" Greaves has finally cracked the case after living for these past ten years under an alias in the hangouts and slums of these desperate criminals. She has dropped the hint that her next case will concern the finding of a certain Principal who disappeared from a certain college ten years ago.

From the depths of Greenwich Village comes the news of the grand opening of Susy's Grill and Bar. Head Bartender of course—Sue McKay. It is from this secluded place that invitations have been sent out to all the graduates of the '58 class of C.L.C. "Come on in . . . the ginger ale is on the house."

Abroad for the Holidays . . . ?

The ship going over is half the fun, but for the first few days you somehow do not feel like swimming in the sea-green water of the pool or playing shuffleboard. No, indeed, you would rather lie in your cabin with an ice-pack on your head and your hands clutching the side of the bunk to keep your stomach from undulating . . . which it is only fair to say it is . . . in vain.

After you have spent two days on ship (at thirty dollars and eighty-five cents per day, plus extras) you feel steady enough to weave your way drunkenly to the deck. When you reach the bottom of the steps going up to "A" deck, you are ready to go right back where you came from. Your determination, however, pushes you forward. The last few steps are hard, but you finally make it . . . ah! Smell that breeze . . . ? Isn't it exhilarating?

"Hey! Where are you going? Wait a minute!"

I pursue her, but am stopped at the door marked "Ladies". Finally my quarry emerges, her face a chartreuse colour. She gives me a weak smile, turns slowly and staggers back to the ice-pack.

After a week of pleasant sailing, you reach Southampton. At the sight of land, you gain your sea-legs and manage to grope your way down the gang-plank. At the bottom, you are confronted by a beetle-browed customs officer. After his thorough inspection of all sixteen trunks, and a few sceptical looks at your purse, you make your way out of the customs depot and into the street. You stop, take a deep breath of air (which exhilarates you) and make for the hotel.

Two days of touring leave you ready to proceed with the trip. France? Mais oui! Cheerfully, you make your way to the travel agent, where reservations are made. Upon leaving, as an afterthought, you ask what facilities for transportation there are.

"Boat," is the nonchalant reply.

You decide that you really should have seen the Tower of London, Big Ben, the Changing of the Guard, plus many other absorbing sights here before going on.

Somehow, the summer passes and you still have not got away from England. Months pass. It is November now . . . the last boat to Canada is leaving. Bravely you decide to make the voyage and return home.

The day of departure arrives and we find you in a taxi, sixteen blocks from the docks. As the taxi progresses, your colouring becomes that of an unripe banana. Oh, come now, it is not as bad as all that! Truthfully, didn't you find the experience . . . exhilarating?

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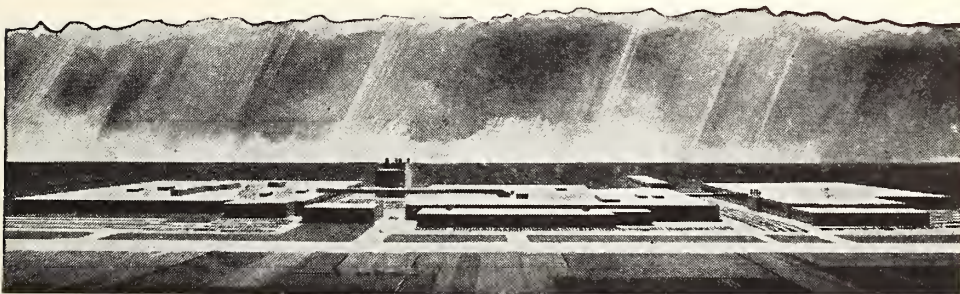
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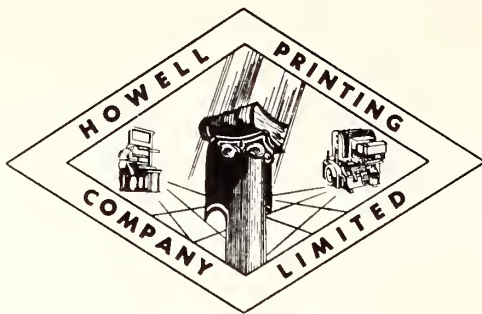
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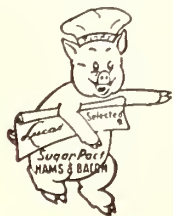
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WACKID, Wendy, 3663 Revelstoke Drive, Ottawa.

WELLINGTON, Ann, Intercol, Barrancabermeja, Colombia, S.A.

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